

# Home Is Where The Sty Is

Poisonblack

A pig sweat-dripping  
Scratching his balls a male  
Since day one the lowest self-esteem, bound to fail  
Not a single word  
Small talk is done with a fist  
Suicidal  
Heirloom shotguns and opened wrists

Talks like a stroke in slow motion  
Yet feeling fine, not a day over dead  
Drop-dead-ugly, fucked up abortion  
Shits while eats, same inside the head

This is what northermen men are made of  
This is how northern men are made

Hey honey, don't care what your name is  
There is just one thing I crave  
Take off that dress  
I'm your man  
Hey honey, flowers belong on graves  
Drag you down in shades of shame  
Nevertheless I'm your man

A true self-loather  
Head stuck tight in the noose  
When given bottle sings his rueful blues through the booze  
And them women  
Anything goes of course  
A masturbator Yet a longtime fan of intercourse

Agora-xeno-homophobic  
An ignorant redneck to the bone  
Home is where the vacant sty is  
With balls erected the seeds are sown